

On Tuesday

by Steven Pirani

Someone tells me, in a murmur,
as if we're being watched

that a celebrity lives on Cranberry Street
in a massive, renovated brownstone.

When they talk, they put their hands
like a cup around their mouth

which makes me think about
being eleven, telling secrets,

and I want to whisper to them my own
trivial bits of hidden history:

today, I saw a dog chained to a fence
wearing a knit sweater;

last week, I watched a man
jerk off on a train;

last month, I wanted
to vanish entirely.

Someone in this coffee shop
is taking a phone call

and I try to listen in
over the hum of Tuesday morning.

I can't make out any words
and I wonder what it's about

and what history I will miss
that they'll remember tomorrow.

I'm no archivist, though
so I just make it up:

The person is wearing a suit
so maybe he's a broker

for a big brownstone building
on that tree-lined Cranberry Street.

And maybe this week his wife is away
so he's taking some time to reconnect

with all the people in his life
he hasn't seen or spoken to in some time.

Now he's calling all those people,
the ones he'd say he'd call if he could

and no one's picking up,
and he'd feel strange to leave a voicemail.

But this is his only day,
and he doesn't want to waste it,

especially with such good weather
especially for this time of the season.

So, he's just in a coffee shop
on a block in park slope

dialing over and over again

a bruised and spinning top.

